

BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



POPE VOLUME III.

All human Virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by Death.

Imitations of Horace, Book II. Epistle 1, line 45.



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THE *Gal II Da*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEX. POPE, ESQ.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire :
And taught the World with reason to admire. P.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS,

Anno 1776.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEX. POPE, ESQ.

WITH HIS LAST

COLLECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS

FROM THE TEXT



IN THE

The Trustees of the British Museum have the honor to inform you that the following works are now in the possession of the Museum and are open to the inspection of all persons who may wish to consult them.

VOL. III.

EDINBURGH

AT THE SPECIFIC PRESS, BY THE MESSRS.

AND SONS.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.
FROM
THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

IMITATIONS,

EPISTLES,

ODES,

VERSIFICATIONS,

MISCELLANIES,

EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1776.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

THE TEXT OF DR. BARSTON



EDITIONS
OF THE
BRITISH
MUSEUM

EDINBURGH
AT THE PRESS OF THE UNIVERSITY

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THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies:
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe; a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare,
Forauteous form, with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.) 10
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,

DIXIT: et, admonita veteris commota ministræ,
Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem:
Te tamen, o genitrix, alienæ sanguine vestro
Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis 5
Fata meæ referam? quamquam lachrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima formâ 10
Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,

A ij

Andræmon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was with shelving banks around, 15
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought:
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20
Not distant far a wat'ry lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she crop'd to please her infant son, 25
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;

Excipit Andræmon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Est lacus, acclivi devexo marginæ formam 15
Littoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.
Veneret huc Dryope fatorum nescia; quoque
Indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas.
Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20
Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos,
Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato 25
Porrigeret flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. vidi guttas e flore cruentas

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook, 30
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
 Forsook her form ; and fixing here, became
 A flow'ry plant which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight ;
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd :
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground : 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And, as she struggles, only moves above ;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below :

Decidere ; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 30
 Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
 Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obscena Priapi,
 Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.

Nescierat soror hoc ; quæ cum perterrita retro 35
 Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis,
 Hæsurunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat : 40
 Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo,
 Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
 Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos, [bant.
 Fronde manum implevit, frondes caput omne tene-

Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves;
 Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy fire
 Appear, and for their Dryope inquire;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind. 60

At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
 Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
 Ubra: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50
 Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
 Non poteram tibi ferre, soror: quantumque valebam,
 Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar:
 Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi. 56
 Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt;
 Et quærunt Dryopen: Dryopen quærentibus illis
 Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno: 60
 Adfususque suæ radicibus arboris hærent,

Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear;
 From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear;
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:

Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
 Cara soror, lachrymæ verso de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque præstant
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus:
 Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro:
 Non meruisse nefas: patior sine crimine pœnam.
 Viximus innocuæ: si mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes; et cæsa securibus urar.
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
 Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore sæpe

And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree; and say with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods;
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a goddess shin'd in ev'ry tree.
 My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
 If in your breasts of love or pity dwell,
 Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
 The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
 Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kifs receive;
 While yet thy mother has a kifs to give.

95

*Lac facitote bibat; nostraque sub arbore ludat;
 Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet;
 Et tristis dicat, Latet hoc sub stipite mater,
 Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores;
 Et frutices omnes corpus putat esse Dearum.
 Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
 Quis siqua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis;
 A pecoris morfu frondes defendite nostras.
 Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est;*

I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades;
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be; 100
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95
Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attolite natum.
Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber serpit; summoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus, sine munere vestro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: dinque 100
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK, OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.

To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains no delights could yield ;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grass receives,
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives ;

REGE sub hoc Pomona fuit : qua nulla Latinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera foetus :
Unde tenet nomen. non sylvas illa, nec amnes ;
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce :
Qua modo luxuriam premit, et spatiantia passim
Brachia compefcit ; fissa modo cortice virgam

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 13
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20
How oft the satyrs and the wanton fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care 25
To pass the fencés, and surprise the fair?
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.

Inferit; et succos alieno præstat alumno.
Nec patitur sentire sitim: bibulæque recurvas 15
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc studium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agrestium metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus, et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20
Quid non et satyri, saltatibus apta juvenus,
Fecere, et pinu præcincti cornua pãnes,
Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
Quique deus fures, vel falces, vel inguine terret,
Ut potirentur ea? sed enim superabat amando 25
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.

Volume III.

To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears,
 And first a reaper from the field appears. 30
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
 Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago! 30
 Tempora sæpe gerens fœno religata recenti,
 Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
 Sæpe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum. 35
 Jurares fessos, modo disjunxisse juvencos.
 Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator.
 Induerat scalas; lecturum poma putares: 40
 Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumta,
 Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
 Repperit, ut taperet spectatæ gaudia formæ.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears, 45
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The god, in this decrepit form array'd, 50
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)
 " Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
 " As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
 Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 55
 Than such as women on their sex bestow)
 Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
 An elm was near, to whose embraces led
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread: 60
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Ille etiam pīsta redimitus tempora mitra, 45
 Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,
 Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
 Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
 Paucaque laudatę dedit oscula; qualia nunquam 55
 Vera dedisset anus; glebaque incurva refedit,
 Suspiciens pandos autumnī pondere ramos.
 Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis: 60
 Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;

(Yet this tall elm, but for this vine, (he said) A
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround 65
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
 Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind, averſe from all the joys of love.
 Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!
 What nymph could e'er attract ſuch crowds as you?
 Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms, 71
 Ulyſſes' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
 Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all thy gain,
 A thouſand court you, though they court in vain,
 A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.

At ſi ſtareſ, ait, celebs, ſine palmitr truncus,
 Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
 Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requieſcit in almo, 65
 Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.
 Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
 Concubitusque fugis; nec te conjungere curas. 70
 Atque utinam velles! Heleno non pluribus eſſet
 Sollicitata procis: nec quæ Lapithæa movit
 Prælia, nec conjux ſimilis audacis Ulyſſei,
 Nunc quoque, cum fugias averſenque petentes,
 Mille proci cupiunt, et ſemidelque delque, 75
 Et quæcunque tenent Albanæ nomina montes.

But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care:
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.

Sed tu, si sapias, si te bene jungere, anumque
Hæc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis,
Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas:
Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige: pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe, neque enim sibi notior ille est,
Quam mihi, nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe.
Hæc loca sola colit: nec, uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; solique suos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decoris

But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same;
 To him your orchard's early fruits are due
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
 He values these; but yet, alas! complains
 That still the best and dearest gift remains;
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the god's desire;
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
 Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

Munus habet; formasque apte fingitur in omnes:
 Et, quod erat jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
 Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, qua tibi poma colun-
 Primus habet; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra?
 Sed neque jam scetus desiderat arbore demtos,
 Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas;
 Nec quidquam, nisi te, miserere ardentis: et ipsum,
 Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari—
 Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
 Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.

This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
 He straight assum'd his native form again;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
 And thence exerting his resplendent ray,
 Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
 Of charming features and a youthful face,
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

Hæc ubi nequicquam formas deus aptus in omnes,
 Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et amilia demit
 Instrumenta sibi: cælique adparuit illi,
 Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115
 Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante reluxit.
 Vimque parat: sed vi non est opus; inque figura
 Capta Dei nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

[Done by the Author in his youth.]

I. CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
 Yet swinken nat fans secrecie.
 Thilke moral shall ye understand,
 From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Ireland;
 Which to the fennes hath him betake,
 To filche the gray ducke fro the lake.
 Right then, there passen by the way
 His aunt, and eke her daughters tway,
 Ducke in his trowfes hath he hent,
 Not to be spy'd of ladies gent.
 "But ho! our nephew," crieth one,
 "Ho!" quoth another, "cozen John;"
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
 This fely clerke full low doth lout:
 They asken that, and talken this, 15
 "Lo here is Coz, and here is Mifs."
 But, as he glozeth with speeches foote,
 The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote:
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest
 Forth thrust a white neck and red crest. 20
 Te-hee, cry'd ladies; clerke nought spake:
 Mifs star'd, and grey ducke crieth quaake.

"O moder, moder," quoth the daughter,
 "Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter?
 "Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
 "Then trust on mon whose yerde can talke."

H. SPENSER.

The Alley.

In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
 A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
 Where, ever and anon, the stream is dy'd,
 And many a boat soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
 The short, thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:
 How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.
 And on the broken pavement, here and there,
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring ly;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
 And here a tailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
 Mending old nets to catch the sealy fry;
 Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between,
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbour-
 hood I ween.

III.
 The snappish cur (the passenger's annoy)
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies; 20
 The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
 The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies; 25
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are

IV.
 Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never
 Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters, yet [cease.
 With Envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace;
 Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
 And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.
 Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all; 40
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
 Yea, when she passes by or lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall;

now I heed

And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo——n's dog and bitch. 50
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windfor's tow'ry
pride.

III. WALLER.

Of a lady singing to her lute.

FAIR charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays, 5
Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he: 10

A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

IV

*On a Fan of the Author's design, in which was painted the
story of Cephalus and Procris; with the motto, Aura Veni.*

COME, gentle Air! th'Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo, the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives!
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV: COWLEY.

The Garden.

FAIN would my house the flow'ry treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations show'r their balmy dews;

Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white, 5
 The thin undress of superficial light,
 And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flowret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10
 And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.
 Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
 And mount the hill in venerable rows:
 There the green infants in their beds are laid, 15
 The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
 Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day:
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
 And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays. 30

Weeping.

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
 Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;
 The sun, next those the fairest light,
 Thus from the ocean first did rise:
 And thus through mists we see the sun,
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.
 These silver drops, like morning dew,
 Foretell the fervour of the day:
 So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
 And blasting lightnings burst away.
 The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
 Declare our doom in drawing nigh.
 The baby in that sunny sphere
 So like a Phaëton appears,
 That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,
 Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
 Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire
 To set, like him, heav'n too on fire.

V. E. OF ROCHESTER.

On Silence.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity;
 Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be,
 'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
 Ere fruitful thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
 Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
 In one more various animal combin'd,
 And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
 'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
 And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
 Lost in the maze of words he turns again;
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
 And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
 And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
 Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
 And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence! the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.)

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are
How church and state should be oblig'd to thee! [free,
At senate, and at bar, how welcome would'st thou be?

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.)

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.)

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

XV.

Not that thy silence is by death control'd,
Nor that thy tongue is by the grave confin'd,
But that thou art the soul of all that live,
And in thee all that live do live.)

VI. E. OF DORSET.

Artemisia.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails, 5
And wear a cleaner smock;
Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by Fate:
On her large squab you find her spread, 10
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.
She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside: 15
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.
So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpye hight, 20
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

Phryne.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,

Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,

Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear;

'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yau Mynheer*,

or 'Twas *S'il vous plaist, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,

At length she turns a bride:

In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,

She shines the first of batter'd jades,

And flutters in her pride:

So have I known those insects fair

(Which curious Germans hold so rare)

Still vary shapes and dyes;

Still gain new titles with new forms;

First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,

Then painted butterflies,

VII. DR. SWIFT.

The happy life of a country parson.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the bishop's blessing:
 A wife that makes preserves; a steed
 That carries double when there's need;
 October store, and best Virginia, 5
 Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea;
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
 A large concordance, bound long since;
 Sermons to Charles the First, when prince; 10
 A chronicle of ancient standing;
 A Chrysostom to smoothe thy band in;
 The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
 Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next:
 Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul, 15
 To sum the whole,—the close of all.
 He that has these may pass his life,
 Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays—if he will; 20
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
 Talk with church-wardens about pews,
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

EPISTLE TO DR. A. BUTHNOT.

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Advertisement

To the first publication of this Epistle.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the

truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness. P.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages: nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much bemus'd in beer, 15
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain 21
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd Works the cause:

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;

If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace, 35
And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.

I fit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane, 41
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45
"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50
Pitholeon libell'd me—"But here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
 "He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."
 Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger fues, 55
 "A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
 If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
 If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
 Fir'd that the House rejects him, "'Sdeath, I'll print it,
 "And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
 "Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
 All my demurs but double his attacks; 65
 At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
 'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70
 His very minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face? 74
 A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous
 I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings; [things;
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break, 85
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of slimzy lines!

Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer, 95
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?

And has not Colley still his lord and whore?

His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?

Does not one table Bavius still admit?

Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit? 100

Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend,

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:

I too could write, and I am twice as tall;

But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105

It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent:

Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 'This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are who to my person pay their court: 115
 I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short;
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye—"
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my betters met in me. 120
 Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal Maro held his head!"
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130
 'The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
 'To help me through this long disease, my life,
 'To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
 And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? Grayville the polite, 135
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
 And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks. 146

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream;
 Yet then did Gildon draw his veal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still:
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
 I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint. 155

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
 If wrong I smil'd; if right I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribbalds,
 From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds. 160

Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each word-catcher that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry; I excus'd them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;
 He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
 And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning; 186
 And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run made:
 All these, my modest Satire bade translate,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 And swear not Addison himself was safe!

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please, 7 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
 While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls, 215
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
 I sought no homage from the race that write;
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: 220

Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song,
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
 Nor like a puppy daggled through the Town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His library (where busts of poets dead 235
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days ate: 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still! 250
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
 Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Blest be the great! for those they take away, 255
 And those they left me; for they left me Gay;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn! 260

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do:)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books, I please:
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? 274
 "I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
 " (Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
 "No, such a genius never can be still;"
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
 Poor guileless I! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'ry conceit knows me by my Style?
 Curst be the verse, how well for'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
 That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
 Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
 And sees at Cannons what was never there;
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk? 306
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:
 His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis. 325 }
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd, 330
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;
That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song:
That not for fame; but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings' scape,
The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

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A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state:

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,

Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365

If on a pillory, or near a throne,

He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,

Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:

This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess 370

Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:

So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,

Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?

Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie. 375

To please his mistress one aspers'd his life;

He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:

Let Budgell charge low Grubstreet on his quill,

And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;

Let the two Curls of town and court abuse 380

His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

Yet why? that father held it for a rule,

It was a sin to call out neighbour fool:

That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:

Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385

Unspotted names, and memorable long!

If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own ; 390

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.

By nature honest, by experience wise, 400
Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise ;

His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die ! 404
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

Oh friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :

Me let the tender office long engage,

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410

Make Languor smile, and smoothe the bed of Death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep a while one parent from the sky !

On cares like these, if length of days attend,
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene, 416
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.

A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

Volume III.

E

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES

OF

HORACE,

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur

Hor.

Advertisement.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations, was the clamour rais'd on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived.

The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to

fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis. P.

Advertisement.

WHOEVER expects a paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius or manner of writing in these Imitations, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas; and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with

dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself with turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his Advertisement; to which we may add, that this sort of Imitation, which is of the nature of Parody, throws reflected grace and splendor on original wit; Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

P.
1 T
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A
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HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

IMITATED.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
¹ There are to whom my Satire seems too bold :
Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
² The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
³ I come to counsel learned in the law :
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice, and (as you use) without a fee.
F. ⁴ I'd write no more.

HOR. LIB. II. SAT. I.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

¹ H. **S**UNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; ² sine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. ³ Trebati,
Quid faciam? praeſcribe.

T. ⁴ Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

P. Not write? but then I think,
 1 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in company, I wake at night,
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
 Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:

2 Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip wine; *probatum est.*
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

3 Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
 4 You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What? like Sir 5 Richard, rumbling, rough,
 and fierce, [verse,
 With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Percam, male, si non
 Optimum erat: 1 verum nequeo dormire.

T. 2 Ter uncti
 Transnanto, Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
 Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

3 Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
 Cæsar's invicti res dicere, 4 multa laborum
 Præmia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
 Deficiunt: 5 neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

Rend with tremendous sound your ears afunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Badgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. ¹ Then all your muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smoothe the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

P. ² Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a-year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays,
It is to History he trusts for praise.

F. ³ Better be Cicer, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.

*Agmina, nec fracta percuntes cuspidæ Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnèra Parthi.*

T. ¹ Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deerò,
Cum res ipsa feret: i 3 ipsi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem:
Cui male si palpare, recalcitrat undique totus.

T. ³ Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi ledere versu
Pantolabum scurræ, nomenamve nepotem?

¹ Ev'n those you touch not hate you.
² P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

³ P. ² Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
 Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye;
 Ridotta sips and dances till she see

The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;

³ F— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one egg to another.

⁴ I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;

In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
 Will prove at least the medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;

¹ Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit.

H. ² Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
 Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis;

³ Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
 Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Milliar. ⁴ me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
 Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60

My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
¹ Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65

Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

² Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70

³ I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis. sequor hunc; ¹ Lucianus an Appulus, anceps:
[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonis,
Missus ad hoc, pulsis (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta.] ² sed hic stylus haud petet ultro

Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ens
Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,

³ Tutus ab infestis latronibus? O pater et rex

¹ Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

² Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more; 75
But touch me, and no minister so fore.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

³ Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

⁴ Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.

From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

⁵ Its proper pow'r to hurt each creature feels; 85
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;

'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.

¹ Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat ² cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)

³ Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

⁴ Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice cêtes,

⁵ Ut, quo quisquæ valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Naturâ potens, sic collige mecum,
Dente lupo, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus

¹ So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

² Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95
To wrap me in the universal shade;

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,

³ Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. ⁴ Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testors, now, to take your life!

Monstratum? ¹ Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum?)
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta. [bos]

² Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul;
³ Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

T. ⁴ O puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

P. ¹ What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men, 106
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car,
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws? 110
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureate Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not ² strip the gilding off a knave, 115
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world in credit to his grave. 120
³ To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
 The world beside may murmur or commend.

H. ¹ Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
 Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
² Detrahare et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
 Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, et qui
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
 Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
 Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
 Scilicet ³ uni æquus virtute atque ejus amicis.

Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

¹ There my retreat the best companions grace, 123
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:

And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain, 131
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

² Envy must own I live among the great
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats; 136
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me know, who love me tell:
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me. 140

¹ *Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti,*

*Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucill censum, ingeniumque; tamen me*

² *Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido:*

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—

¹ What faith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. ² Your plea is good; but still I say beware!

Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145

A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

³ Consult the statute; *quart.* I think, it is,

Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. ⁴ Libels and satires! lawless things indeed! 150

But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,

Such as a king might read, a bishop write,

Such as Sir Robert would approve.—F. Indeed?

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;

⁵ In such a cause the plaintiff will be his'd, 155

My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

¹ nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,

Dissentis.

T. ² Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

³ “Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est

“Judiciumque.”

H. Esto, si quis ⁴ mala. sed bona si quis

Judice condiderit laudatus Cæsare? si quis

Opprobriis dignam laceraverit, integer ipse?

T. ⁵ Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. II.

IMITATED.

TO MR. BETHEL.

¹ WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart?

² (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk ³ before we dine.

⁴ Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
⁵ But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

HOR. LIB. II. SAT. II.

¹ QUÆ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,

(² Nec meus hic sermo; sed quæ præcepit Ofellus,
Rusticus, ³ abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)

Discite, ⁴ non inter lances mensaque nitentes;

Cum stupet infans acies fulgoribus, et cum

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:

⁵ Verum hic impransî mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?

Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis

Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
¹ Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 13
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

² Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

Corruptus judex. Leporem sectatus, equove
 Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat
 Militia assuetam Græcarum) seu pila velox,
 Moliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem æra disco:
 Cum labor extulerit fastidia; siccus, inanis,
 Sperne cibum vilem: nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
 Ne biberis, diluta. ¹ foris est promus, et atrum
 Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet, unde putas, aut
 Quis partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quare
 Sudando. pinguem vituli albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina iuvare lagois.

² Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum;
 Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro

¹ Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Though cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
 Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
² Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endu'd, ²⁵
 Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole hog barbec'd!"
 Oh blast it, ³ South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda: [ista,
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris
 Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor idem?
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa;
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus an alto
 Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
 Ostia sub Tusci? ¹ laudas, insane, trilibrem
 Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
 Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

² Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
³ Præsentes, Austri, coquite horum opsonia: quamquam
 Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Ægrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus

By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:

¹ Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
 Thus much is left of old simplicity!

² The robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,
 Till Beeca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a peer; 40

³ Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
 Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

⁴ 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other:

Atque acidas mavult inulas. ¹ necdum omnis abasta
 Pauperis epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
 Gallon præconis erat acipensere mensa
 Infamis, quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?

² Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
 Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius, ergo

³ Si quis nunc mærgos suaves edixerit assos,
 Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.

⁴ Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello

Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain but not sordid; though not splendid clean.

¹ Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a ² dog, and her a bitch) 50
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,

And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

³ One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,

And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some ⁴ lucky day (as when they found 55

A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)

At such a feast, ⁵ old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:

Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,

But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

⁶ He knows to live who keeps the middle state,

And neither leans on this side, nor on that;

Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,

Si te alio pravus detorseris. ¹ Avidienus,

² Cui canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,

Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;

³ Ac nisi mutatum, parcat defundere vinum; et

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre: (licebit

Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

⁴ Festos albatu celebret) cornu ipse bilibri

Caulibus instillat, ⁵ veteris non parcus acetii.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum

Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.

⁶ Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque

Nor ¹ stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
 Nor lets, like ² Nævius, ev'ry error pass; 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

³ Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)

⁴ First health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft ⁵ the school-boy's simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps; and spirits light as air.

⁶ How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest 75
 Rise from a clergy or a city-feast!
 What life in all that ample body say?
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

In neutram partem cultus miser. ¹ Hic neque servis
 Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
 Sevus erit; nec sit ut simplex ² Nævius, unctam
 Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

³ Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
 Afferat. ⁴ In primis valeas bene; nam varix res
 Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,
 Quæ simplex, ⁵ olim tibi federit. at simul assis
 Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis;
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
 Lenta feret pituita. ⁶ Vides, ut pallidus omnis

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines. 80

¹ On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet ev'ry muse!

² Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme:
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age:

³ For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains? 90

⁴ Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

*Cœna defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.*

¹ Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.

² Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique
Accedent anni, et tractari mollius ætas.

Imbecilla volet. ³ Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
Quam puer et validus præsumis, mollietiem; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus? [nasus

⁴ Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia

Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home. 96

¹ Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
² That sweetest music to an honest ear, 100
 (For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)
 Who has not learn'd ³ fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
 Are no rewards for want and infamy!
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd by thy ⁴ neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;
 And ⁵ buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast, at least, bestow'd one penny well. 110

Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes
 Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
 Itegrum edax dominus consumeret. ¹ hos utinam inter
 Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

² Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
 Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
 Grande ferunt una ³ cum damno dedecus, adde

⁴ Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit genti

⁵ As, laquei pretium.

1 "Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need

"To have a taste is insolence indeed :

"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,

"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."

Then, like the sun, let ² Bounty spread her ray, 115

And shine that superfluity away.

Oh impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?

Shall half the ³ new-built churches round thee fall ?

Make quays, build bridges, or repair White-hall : 120

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,

As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

⁴ Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And ⁵ who stands safest ? tell me, is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,

¹ Jure, inquit, Trausius istis

Jurgatur verbis : ego vestigalia magna,

Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ² Ergo,

Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis ?

Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite ? quare

³ Templâ ruunt antiqua Deum ? cur, improbe, caræ

Non aliquid patriæ tanto emitiris acervo ?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res ?

⁴ O magnus posthac inimicis risus ! uterne

⁵ Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius ? hic, qui

Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum ;

Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

¹ Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.

In South-sea days not happier, when firmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now ² excis'd?

In forest planted by a father's hand, 135
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On ³ brocoli and mutton round the year;

But ⁴ ancient friends, (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140

'Tis true, no ⁵ turbot's dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

¹ Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Osellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc ² accisis. Videas, metato in agello,

Cum pecore et gnatīs, fortem mercede colonum,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profecta

Quidquam, præter ³ olus fumosæ cum pede perna.

Ac mihi seu, ⁴ longum post tempus venerat hospes,

Sive operum vacho gratus conviva per imbrem

Vicinus; bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,

Sed pullo atque hædo: tum ⁵ pensilis uva secundas

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :
¹ From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The devil is in you if you cannot dine: [place],
 Then ² cheerful healths, (your mistress shall have
 And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150

³ Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
 Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after ⁴ standing armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone; 155
 I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-op'ning gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 " Pray Heav'n it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own :

Et nux ¹ ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.
 Post hoc ludus erat ² cuppa potare magistra :
 Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.

³ Sæviate atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
 Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcius, aut
 O pueri, nituistis, ut huc ⁴ novus incola venit? [vos,

"Pity! to build without a son or wife:
 "Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one 165
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What's ¹property? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ²Peter Walter;
 Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share;
 Or in a jointure vanish from the heir; 170
 Or in pure ³equity (the case not clear)
 The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best it falls to some *ungracious son,
 Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
⁵Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175
 Become the portion of a booby lord;
 And Hemley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.
⁶Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
 Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

Nam ¹proprie telluris herum natura neque illum,
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;
 Illum aut ²nequities aut ³vassi infcitia juris,
 Postremum expellet certe *vivacior heres,
⁵Nunc ager umbrent sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ⁶quoties vivite fortes,
 Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

HORACE, BOOK II, SAT. VI.

IMITATED.

*The first part imitated in the year 1714, by Dr. Swift;
the latter part added afterwards.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,

I ask not to increase my store;

* But here a grievance seems to lie,

* All this is mine but till I die;

* I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,

* To me and to my heirs for ever.

* If I ne'er got or lost a great,

* By any trick or any fault;

HOR. LIB. II. SAT. VI.

Hoc erat in votis; modus agri non ita magnus;
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his, foret. auctius, atque
Di melius fecere, bene est, nil amplius pro.
Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis,

- * And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15
 * And not like forty other fools;
 * As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
 * To grant me this and t'other acre :
 * Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 * Direct my plow to find a treasure : " 20
 * But only what my station fits,
 * And to be kept in my right wits,
 * Preserve, almighty Providence!
 * Just what you gave me, competence :
 * And let me in these shades compose 25
 * Something in verse as true as prose;
 * Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 * Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.
 In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent; 30
 Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
 Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem :
 Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille
 Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !
 O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret ! ut illi,
 Thesaurο invento qui mercenarius agrum
 Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
 Hercule : si, quod adest, gratum juvat : hac prece te oro,
 Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera præter

I must by all means come to Town;
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 "Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
 "Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found;
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 "Let my lord know you're come to Town."
 I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is leave-day;
 And find his Honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,

Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adis.
 Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
 Quid prius illustrem Satiris musaque pedestri?
 Nee mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
 Autumnusque gravis, libitinae questus acerba.

Matutine pater, seu Janę libentius audis,
 Unde homines operum primos vitęque labores
 Instituunt (sic Dęs placitum) tu carminis esto
 Principium: Romę sponforem me rapis: Eia,
 Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, argue:
 Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem

Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
 How should I thrust myself between? 50
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And, smiling, whispers to the next,
 "I thought the Dean had been too proud;
 "To jostle here among a crowd."
 Another, in a surly fit,
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit, 55
 "So eager to express your love,
 "You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 "But rudely press before a duke."
 I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke;
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.
 I get a whisper, and withdraw;
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd, 65
 Desiring I would stand their friend.
 This humbly offers me his case—
 That begs my int'rest for a place—

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
 Postmodo, quod mi obfit, clare certumque locuto,
 Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.
 Quid tibi vis, insane? et quam rem agis? improbus ur-
 Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat, [guet.
 Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar, at simul atras

A hundred other men's affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears :
 " To-morrow my appeal comes on,
 " Without your help the cause is gone"—
 The duke expects my lord and you,
 About some great affair, at two—
 " Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
 " To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
 " Consider, 'tis my first request."—
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best :—
 Then presently he falls to teize,
 " You may for certain, if you please ;
 " I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
 " And, Mr Deán, one word from you"—
 'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
 (October next it will be four)
 Since Harley bid me first attend,
 And chose me for an humble friend ;

Ventum est Esquilias ; aliena negotia centum
 Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
 Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
 De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
 Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
 Imprimat his cura Mæcenas signa tabellis.
 Dixeris, Experiar : Si vis, potes, addit ; et instat.
 Septimus octavo proprior jam fuerit annus,
 Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum

Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that;
 As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"
 "Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country signs;
 Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
 From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
 Such tattle often entertains
 My Lord and me as far as Staines,
 As once a-week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to Town,
 Where all that passes inter nos,
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well:

In numero: duntaxat ad hec, quem tollere rheda
 Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas
 Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro par:
 Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
 Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
 Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
 Invidiæ noster. ludos spectaverit una:
 Luserit in campo: fortunæ filius, omnes.
 Frigidus a rostris manat per compita rumor:
 Quicumque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te
 Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)

"How think you of our friend the Dean?

"I wonder what some people mean:

"My lord and he are grown so great, 105

"Always together, *tête à tête*;

"What, they admire him for his jokes—

"See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at Court; 110

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;

"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?

"Or do the prints and papers lie?" 115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I,

"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest:

"'Tis now no secret"—I protest

'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,

"When are the troops to have their pay?" 120

And though I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu

Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,

Si quicquam. Quid militibus promissa triquetra

Prædia Cæsar, an est Itala tellure daturus?

Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum

Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.

Perditur hæc inter misero lux; non sine votis,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.
 Thus in a sea of folly toss'd
 My choicest hours of life are lost;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my country-seat,
 There leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the Court and Town.
 O charming noons! and nights divine!
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,
 My friends above, my folks below,
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And ev'n the very dogs at ease!

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque dicabit,
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
 Ducere sollicita juvenda oblivio vitæ!
 O quando fabæ Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
 Unctis satis pingui penentur olusculis lardo?
 O noctes eoque Deum! quibus ipse metique,
 Ante larem proprium vescor, vernalque procaces
 Pasco libatis dapibus: eum, ut eoque libido est,
 Siccant inæquales calices conviva, solutus.

Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the Houses;
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser?
 Whether we ought to chuse our friends
 For their own worth, or our own ends?
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely *à propos*:
 Name a town life, and in a trice
 He had a story of two Mice.

Legibus infans: seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula; seu medicis avescit lætius. ergo
 Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
 Nec mane necne lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
 Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitur; utrumne
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:
 Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectissime, trahat nos:
 Et quæ sit natura boni, summamque quid ejus.
 Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
 Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arellæ
 Sollicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: olim

Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord. 160
 A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
 He brought him bacon, (nothing lean) 165
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a Dean;
 Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring. 170
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit;

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
 Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;
 Asper, et attentus quæsit; ut tamen arctum
 Solveret hospitii animum. quid multa? neque ille
 Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
 Aridum et ore ferens acinum, femesque lardi
 Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia coena
 Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
 Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
 Effet ardor loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
 Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,

He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat:
 "But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!" 175
 "For God's sake come and live with men;
 "Consider mice, like men, must die,
 "Both small and great, both you and I:
 "Then spend your life in joy and sport;
 "(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at Court.)" 180

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn;
 ('Twas on the night of a debate, 185
 When all their Lordships had sate late.)
 Behold the place where, if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might show it;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls; 190

Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
 Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?
 Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
 Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
 Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
 Vive memor quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
 Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors :
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red : 195
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sate *tête à tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
 “ *Que ça est bon ! Ah goûter ça !*
 “ That jelly’s rich, this Malmsey healing,
 “ Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.”
 Was ever such a happy swain !
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205
 “ I’m quite a-sham’d—’tis mighty rude
 “ To eat so much—but all’s so good !

*Mœnia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat
 Nox medium cœli spatium, cum ponit uterque
 In locuplete domo vestigia : rubro ubi cocco
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos ;
 Multaque de magna superessent fercula cœna,
 Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesternæ canistris.
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
 Agrestem ; veluti succinctus curstat hospes,
 Continuatque dapes : nec non verniliter ipsi
 Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod affert.*

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"I have a thousand thanks to give—

"My Lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the hall

219

Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:

"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—

The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's mice,

Or Gods to save them in a trice!

215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd stucco has no chink,)

"An't please your Honour," quoth the peasant,

"This same desert is not so pleasant:

"Give me again my hollow tree,

220

"A crust of bread and liberty!"

Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque

Rebus agit lætūm convivam: cum subito ingens

Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.

Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magisque

Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis

Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, haud mihi vita

Est opus hac, ait, et valeas: me sylva, cavusque

Tutus ab insidiis tenni solabitur ervos.

13 HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. I.

IMITATED.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. John, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why¹ will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise,
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age!
See modest² Cibber now has left the stage;
Our gen'als now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden-gates,
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor⁴ fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's cause, ro

⁵ A voice there is that whispers in my ear,
(Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
"And never gallop Pegasus to death;

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
¹ Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, queris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. ² Veianius, armis
³ Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum extrema toties exoret arena.

⁵ Est mihi purgatam crebro qui perfonet aurem;
Solve ⁶ senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

Epist

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Nunc

Virtu

"Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15

"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."

Farewell then ¹ verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,

The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;

What ² right; what true, what fit we justly call,

Let this be all my care—for this is all: 20

To lay this ³ harvest up, and hoard with haste

What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what ⁴ doctors I apply?

Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:

As drives the ⁵ storm, at any door I knock; 25

And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.

Sometimes a ⁶ patriot, active in debate,

Mix with the world, and battle for the state,

Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,

Still true to virtue, ⁷ and as warm as true: 30

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,

Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;

Nunc itaque et ¹ versus, et cætera ludicra pono:

Quid ² verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in

hoc sum:

³ Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.

Ac ne forte roges, ⁴ quo me duce, quo Lare tuter:

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

⁵ Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.

Nunc agilis fio, et merfor ⁶ civilibus undis,

Virtutis yæræ custos, ⁷ rigidusque fatelles:

Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

² Long as to him who works for debt the day,

Long as the night to her whose love's away,

Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;

So slow ³ the unprofitable moments roll,

That lock up all the functions of my soul;

That keep me from myself, and still delay

Life's instant bus'ness to a future day;

That ⁴ task which, as we follow or despise,

The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;

And which not done, the richest must be poor.

⁵ Late as it is I put myself to school,

And feel some ⁶ comfort not to be a fool.

Nunc in * Aristippi ¹ furtim praecepta relabor,

Et mihi res, non me rebus, subungere conor.

² Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque

Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:

Sic mihi tarda ³ fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem

Consiliumque morantur agendi gnayiter ⁴ id, quod

Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,

Æque neglectum pueris, senibusque nocebit.

⁵ Restat, ut his ego meipse regam ⁶ solerque elementis:

* Quibus Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P.

¹ Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight;
 Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite;
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
 Not to ² go back is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, dost thy ³ blood rebel, thy disorder move?
 With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
 Know there are words and spells which can control,
⁴ Between the fits, this fever of the soul:
 Know there are rhymes, which ⁵ fresh and fresh apply'd,
 Will cure the arrant ⁶ puppy of his pride.
 Be ⁶ furious, cavious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
⁷ Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
 A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch ⁸ bear;
 All that we ask is but a patient ear.

¹ Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
 Non tamen ideo contempnas lippus inungi
 Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
 Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra
 Est quadam prodire ² tenus, si non datur ultra.

³ Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
 Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
 Possis, et ⁴ magnam morbi deponere partem.
 Laudis amore tumes? sunt ⁵ certa piacula, quæ te
 Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

⁶ Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ⁷ amator;
 Nemo ⁸ adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,

¹ 'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor; 65
 And the first wisdom to be fool no more.
 But to the world no ² bugbear is so great
 As want of figure, and a small estate.
 To either India see the merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
 See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ³ ease thy heart of all that it admires?
⁴ Here, Wisdom calls; ⁵ "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 "As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."

Si modo cultura patientem commodet aurem.

¹ Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
 Stultitia caruisse. vides, quæ ² maxima credis
 Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
 Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore.
 Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
 Per ³ mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
 Ne cures ⁴ ea, quæ stulte miraris et optas,
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
 Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?
 " ⁵ Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

There, London's voice; ¹ "Get money, money still!
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will. 80
 This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
 From ² low St. James's, up to high St. Paul;
 From him whose ³ quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in ⁴ spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
 "Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
 A pension, or such harness for a slave [pounds;
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard, thou art a ⁵ Cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D^l, Their Honours, and so forth. 90
 Yet ev'ry ⁶ child another song will sing,
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
 True, conscious honour is to feel no sin;
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
 Be this thy ⁷ screen, and this thy wall of brass; 95
 Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.

"¹ O cives, cives! querenda pecunia primum est; 7

"Virtus post nummos!" hæc ² Janus summus ab imo
 Prodocet: hæc reclinunt juvenes dictata senesque,

³ Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto. 12

Est ⁴ animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia defint, 15

⁵ Plebs eris. ⁶ At pueri ludentes, Rex eris; aiunt,

Si recte facies. Hic ⁷ murus ænéus esto, 20

Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa. 25

¹ And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted peers,
 Or what was spoke at ² Cressy and Poitiers? 100
³ Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 "With praise or infamy leave that to Fate;
 "Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
 "If not, by any means get wealth and place."
 For what? To have a ⁴ box where eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the circle eye a king.
 Or ⁵ he who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':
 And, ⁶ while he bids thee, sets th' example too? }
 If ⁷ such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
 If honest S**z take scandal at a spark,
 That less admires the ⁸ Palace than the Park:

¹ Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
 Nania, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
 Et maribus ² Curiis et decantata Camillis?

³ Inne tibi melius suadet, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
 "Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."
 Ut ⁴ propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupî!
 An, ⁵ qui fortunæ te responsare superbæ
 Liberum et erectum, ⁶ præsens hortatur et aptat?

⁷ Quod si me populus Romanus forte roget, cur
 Non, ut ⁸ porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem;

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Faith I shall give the answer ¹ Reynard gave;

"I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave : 115

"Because I see, by all the tracks about,

"Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."

Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave :

Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120

The ² people are a many-headed beast :

Can they direct what measures to pursue,

Who know themselves so little what to do?

Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,

Just half the land would buy, and half be sold : 125

Their ³ country's wealth our mightier misers drain,

Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;

The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;

Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stew;

Some ⁴ with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130

Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit :

Olim quod ¹ vulpes ægroto cauta leoni

Respondit, referam : Quia me vestigia terrent

Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

² *Bellua multorum est capitum. nam quid sequar,*
aut quem ?

Pars hominum gestit ³ conducere publica : sunt qui

⁴ *Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,*

Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant :

While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness ¹ hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ² pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135

But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job ³ sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

⁴ Up starts a palace; lo, th' obedient base 140
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,

The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that ⁵ devil within

Which guides all those who know not what they
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen; [mean,

"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down, 146

"For Snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in Town."

' At am'rous Flavio is the ⁶ stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to ly alone.

¹ Multis occulto crescit res fenore. ² verum
Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Idem eadem pollunt horam durare probantes?

³ Nullus in orbe sinus Batis praeferet amoenis,
Si dixit dives; ⁴ lacus et mare sentit amorem

Festinantis heri: cui si ⁵ vitiosa libido

Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta Teanum

Tolletis, fabri. ⁶ lectus genialis in aula est?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:

¹ The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151
 Did ever ² Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
 Well, but the ³ poor—The poor have the same itch;
 They change their ⁴ weekly barber, weekly news,
 Prefer a new jappanner to their shoes, 156
 Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
 They ⁵ hire their sculler, and when once abroad,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160
⁶ You laugh, half bean, half sloven, if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
 But when ⁷ no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd,
 Is half so incoherent as my mind, 166

¹ Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

² Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

Quid ³ pauper? ride: mutat ⁴ coenacula, lectos,

Balnea, tonsores; ⁵ conducto navigio æque

Nauseat, ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

⁶ Si curatus inæquali tonsore capillos

Occurro; rides. si forte subucula pexæ

Trita subest tunica, vel si toga dissidet impar;

Rides. quid, ⁷ mea cum pugnat sententia secum;

When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ¹ ebb and flow of follies all my life)
 I ² plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;
³ You never change one muscle of your face, 171
 You think this madness but a common case,
 Nor ⁴ once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
 Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
 Is this my ⁵ guide, philosopher, and friend?
 This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own; 180
 Great without title, without fortune blest'd;
 Rich ⁶ ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while op-
 press'd;

Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;

¹ Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto;

² Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?

³ Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

Nec ⁴ medici credis, nec curatoris egere

A prætore dati; rerum ⁵ tutela mearum

Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,

De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.

Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, ⁶ dives, :

Lov'd ¹ without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
 At home, though exil'd; ² free, though in the Tower;
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing, 185
 Just ³ less than Jove, and ⁴ much above a king;
 Nay, half in heav'n—⁵ except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god?

¹ Liber, ² honoratus, ³ pulcher, ⁴ rex denique regum;
 Præcipue sanus, ⁵ nisi cum pituita molesta est.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

IMITATED.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Not to admire, is all the art I know
 "To make men happy, and to keep them so."

(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flow'rs of speech,
 So take it in the very words of Creech.)

¹ This vault of air, this congregated ball, 5
 Self-center'd sun, and stars that rise and fall,
 There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
 Look through, and trust the ruler with his skies;
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view ² this dreadful All without a fear. 10
 Admire we then what ³ earth's low entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
 All the mad trade of ⁴ fools and slaves for gold? }

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. VI.

NIL admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
 Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
¹ Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
 Tempora momentis, sunt qui ² formidine nulla
 Imbuti spectent. ³ quid censes, munera terræ?
 Quid, maris extremos Arabas ⁴ ditantis et Indos?

Or ¹ popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings? 15
Say with what ² eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the ³ pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:

Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20

In either case, believe me, we admire;

Whether we ⁴ joy or grieve, the same the curse,

Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray

Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;

For ⁵ virtue's self may too much zeal be had; 26

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

⁶ Go then, and if you can, admire the state

Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;

Ludicra, quid, ¹ plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?

Quo spectanda modo, ² quo sensu credis et ore?

³ Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem

Quo cupiens pacto; pavor est utrobique molestus:

Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:

⁴ Gaudeat, an doleat: cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,

Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

⁵ Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;

Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

⁶ I nunc, argentum et marmor vetus, æraque et artes

Procure a taste to double the surprise;
 And gaze on ¹ Parian charms with learned eyes:
 Be struck with bright ² brocade or Tyrian dye,
 Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery,
 If not so pleas'd, at ³ council-board rejoice,
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
 From ⁴ morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For ⁵ fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
 Shall ⁶ one whom Nature, learning, birth, conspir'd,
 To form not to admire, but be admir'd,
 Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
 Yet ⁷ time ennobles or degrades each line;
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
 And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
 The greatest can but blaze and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art, ⁸ with all the power of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords;

¹ Suspice; cum gemmis ² Tyrios mirare colores:
 Gaude, quod spectant oculi te ³ mille loquentem:
 Gnavus ⁴ mane forum, et vespertinus pete lectum;
⁵ Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
 Mutus, et (indignum; quod sit peioribus artus)
⁶ Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
⁷ Quicquid sub terra est, in aprium proferet ætas;
 Defodiet, condetque nitentia, ⁸ cum bene notum

Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
 Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

² Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone?
 See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the mind's disease;
 There all men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
 Would ye be ³ blest? despise low joys, low gains;
 Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

⁴ But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly ⁵ then, on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:

Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appi;
 Ire tamen restat, Numa ¹ quo devenit et Ancus.

² Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
 Quære fugam morbi. ³ vis recte vivere? quis non?
 Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
 Hoc age deliciis.

⁴ virtutem verba putes, et
 Lucum ligna? ⁵ cave ne portus occupet alter;

Is wealth thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
 Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
¹ Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise;
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a ² wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ³ friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A ⁴ man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
 (Believe me, many a ⁵ German prince is worse,
 Who proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)
 His wealth ⁶ brave Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;

Ne Cibyrica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.

¹ Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
 Tertia succedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
 Scilicet ² uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et ³ amicos,
 Et genus, et formam, regina ⁴ Pecunia donat;
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
 Mancipiis locuples, eget æris ⁵ Cappadocum rex.
 Ne fueris hic tu. ⁶ chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
 Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,

Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole House upon the poet's day.

¹ Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.

² If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

³ But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consists the joy;
Then ⁴ hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom ⁵ to nod, whom take into your coach,

Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot ha-
Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque [bebo
Esse domi, chlamydem: partem, veb tolleret omnes.]

¹ Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus.² ergo,
Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum;
Hoc primum repetas opus, hoc postremum omittas.

³ Si fortunatum species et gratia præstat,

⁴ Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, la vum
Qui fodiet latus, et ⁵ cogat transpondera dextram

Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
Who ¹ rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:

"This may be troublesome, is near the chair: 105

"That makes three members, this can chuse a may'r."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,

Adopt him ² son, or cousin at the least,

Then turn about, and ³ laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continu'd treat, 110

If ⁴ to live well means nothing but to eat;

Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,

Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;

With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—

So ⁵ Russel did, but could not eat at night; 115

Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,

And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we ⁶ ev'ry decency confound,

Throug htaverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round?

Porrigere: ¹ Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:

Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,

Cui volet, importunus ebur: ² Frater, pater, adde:

Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque ³ facetus adopta.

Si ⁴ bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet, eamus

Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut ⁵ olim

Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,

Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,

Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.

Emtum mulus aprum. ⁶ crudi, tumidique lavemur,

Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo 120

¹ K—I's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,

From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,

Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts,

Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,

Renounce our ² country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with ³ Wilmot own, 526

The cordial drop of life is love alone;

And Swift cry wisely, *Vive la bagatelle!*

The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.

⁴ Adieu—if this advice appear the worst, 130

E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:

Or better precepts if you can impart,

Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Cærite cera

Digni; ¹ remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;

Cui potior ² patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

³ Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque

Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

⁴ Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,

Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

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Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

(Imitated in the manner of Dr. Swift.)

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In Town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'erals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores: 10
And what a dust in ev'ry place?
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in Town!

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam: num ficus prima calorque
Designatorem decorat listoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;

"The dog-days are no more the case." 15
 'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
 And you shall see, the first warm weather,
 Me and the butterflies together. 20

My Lord, your favours well I know;
 'Tis with distinction you bestow;
 And not to ev'ry one that comes,
 Just as a Scotsman does his plums.

"Pray take them, Sir—enough's a feast: 25

"Eat some, and pocket up the rest"—
 What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!

"No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."

Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
 Contriving never to oblige ye. 30

*Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
 Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.
 Quod si bruma nives albanis illinet agris;
 Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
 Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, revifet
 Cum zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.*

Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
 Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.
 Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
 Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
 Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.

Scatter your favours on a sop,
 Ingratitude's the certain crop;
 And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
 You give the things you never care for.
 A wise man always is or shon'd

35

Be mighty ready to do good;
 But makes a difference in his thought
 Betwixt a guinea and a great

Now this I'll say, You'll find in me
 A safe companion, and a free;

40

But if you'd have me always near—
 A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
 I hope it is your resolution

To give me back my constitution!
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
 Th' engaging smile, the gaiety

45

Ut libet : hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
 Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit :
 Hæc seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
 Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus ?
 Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis ?
 Dignum præstabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
 Quod si me noles usquam discedere, reddes
 Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos :
 Reddes dulce loqui : reddes ridere decorum, et
 Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam :

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That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one;
And all that voluntary rein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A Weasel once made shift to sink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, "You 'scape not so,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your application;
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.

Reperat in cumeram frumenti: pastaque, rursos
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, sis, effugere istinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno;
Nec somnum plebis laudatur altissim, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
 My bread and independency! 70
 So bought an annual rent or two,
 And liv'd—just as you see I do;
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund, my life.
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,
 A little house, with trees a-row,
 And, like its master, very low.
 There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better! 80

To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
 “Harley, the nation's great support,”—
 But you may read it, I stop short.

Sæpe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque
 Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens:

Inspice, si possum donata reponere lætus.

* * * * *

Parvum parva decent, mihi jam non regia Roma,
 Sed vacuum tibur placet, aut imbelles tarentum.

Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, &c.

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HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. I.

IMITATED.

Advertisement.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments pass'd in his Epistle to Augustus, seem'd so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonerat prætoret, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c.; the other, that this Piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apo-

logy for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their Patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his cotemporaries, first, against the taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and, lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the license of those ancient poets restrained; that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character. P.

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HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. I.

IMITATED.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! ¹ sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
² How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal ⁵
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

³ Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more ⁴ sacred name,

HOR. LIB. II. EPIST. I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Cum tot ¹ sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Rex Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus entendes; in ² publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.
³ Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, ⁴ Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;

After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
 Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
 All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 Finds envy never conquer'd, but by death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last;
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray 20
 Each star of meaner merit fades away!
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee, the world its present homage pays,
 The harvest early, * but mature the praise:
 Great friend of liberty! in kings a name 25
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame *:
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd,
 As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.

¹ Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis: diram qui contudit hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit invalidam supremam sine domari.

³ Urit epim fulgore suo, qui pręgravat artes
 Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.

⁴ Pręsentit tibi maturos largimur honores,
⁵ Jerandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

Wonder of kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes,
 1 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd
 Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest :
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ; 35
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.

2 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote :

One likes no language but the Faery Queen ;

A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green ; 40

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil ;

3 He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly 4 Greece her eldest sons admires,

Why should not we be wiser than our fires ?

1 Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,

* Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis antefereudo,

Cetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque

Æstimat; et, nisi quæ terris semota suisque

Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit :

2 Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes

Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,

Vel Gabiis vel cùm rigidis æquata Sabinis,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,

3 Dicitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia 4 Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque

In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, & we sing, we dance as well;
And ² learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop,

If ³ time improve our wit as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him sell,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British Bards begin to immortalize,

“ Who lasts a ⁴ century can have no flaw;
“ I hold that wit a classic, good in law,

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ⁵ ancient, right and sound,

Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in niuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunæ: pinguis, atque
¹ Psallimus, et ² iustamur Archivis dōdibus iactis.

Si ³ meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arvoget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decedit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat iurgia finis.
Est vetus atque probus, ⁴ centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperit minor uno mense, vell anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? ⁵ veteresne poetas,

sup sup antistipina tui matoisio & sup

Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce? 60

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;

"By ¹ courtesy of England he may do."

Then, by the rule that made the ² horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

And melt ³ down Ancients like a heap of snow, 65

While you, to measure merits, look in ⁴ Stowe,

And estimating authors by the year,

Bestow a garland only on a ⁵ bier.

⁶ Shakespeare (whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will) 70

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,

And grew immortal in his own despatch.

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed

⁷ The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.

An quos et præsens et postera respuat ætas?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur ¹ honeste,

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut ² equinæ

Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;

Dum cadat clusus ratione ³ ruentis æcervi,

Qui redit in ⁴ fastos, et virtutem æstimat annis,

Miraturque nihil, nisi quod ⁵ libitina sacrauit.

⁶ Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo ⁷ promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.

Who now reads ¹ Cowley ? if he pleases yet, 75
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
 Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
 But still ² I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, ³ surely these were famous men !
 “ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ? 80
 “ In all ⁴ debates where critics bear a part,
 “ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson’s art,
 “ Of Shakespeare’s nature, and of Cowley’s wit;
 “ How Beaumont’s judgment check’d what Fletcher
 “ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow ; [writ;
 “ But, for the passions, Southern, sure, and Rowe ! 86
 “ These, ⁵ only these, support the crowded stage,
 “ From eldest Heywood down to Cibber’s age.”

All this may be ; ⁶ the people’s voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

¹ Nævius in manibus non est ; at ² mentibus hæret
 Pene recens : ³ adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema
 Ambigitur ⁴ quoties, uter utro sit prior ; aufert
 Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti :
 Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro ;
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;
 Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte :
 Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens ; ⁵ habet hos numeratque poetas
 Ad nostrum tempus, Livi scriptoris ab ævo.
⁶ Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.

To ¹ Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.
 But let them own that greater faults than we ⁹³
 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
 Spenser himself affects the ² obsolete,
 And Sidney's verse halts ill on ³ Roman feet:
 Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,
 Now serpent-like, in ⁴ prose he sweeps the ground;
 In quibbles angel and archangel join, ¹⁰¹
 And God the Father turns a school-divine.
⁵ Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
 Like ⁶ flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected fool ¹⁰³
 At court, who hates whate'er he ⁷ read at school.
 But for the wits of either Charles's days,
 The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;

Si ¹ veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
 Si quædam nimis ² antique, si pleraque ³ dure
 Dicere cedit eos, ⁴ ignava multa fatetur;
 Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.
⁵ Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livî
 Esse reor, memini quæ ⁶ plagosum ⁷ mihi parvo
 Orbiliū dictare;

sed emendata videri.

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er) 110
 One simile, that ¹ solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or ² lengthen'd thought that gleams through many
 Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age. [a page,
³ I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
 When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new;
 While if our elders break all reason's laws,
 'These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
⁴ On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
 If I but ask if any weed can grow? 120
 One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
 Which ⁵ Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names),

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:
 Inter quæ ¹ verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
 Si ² versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
 Injuste totum ducit venitque poema.

³ Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci.

⁴ Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet attæ
 Fabula, si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene patres; ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quæ ⁵ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.

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How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125

And swear all shame is lost in George's age!

You'd think ¹ no fools disgrac'd the former reign,

Did not some grave examples yet remain,

Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,

And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130

He who to seem more deep than you or I,

Extols old bards, ² or Merlin's Prophecy,

Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,

And to debase the sons, exalts the fires.

³ Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135

What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read

By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

⁴ In days of ease, when now the weary sword

Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd; 140

Vel quia nil ¹ rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ

Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Jam ² siliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, et illud,

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit.

³ Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,

Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

⁴ Ut primum positis hugari Græcia bellis

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In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
 "All by the King's example liv'd and lov'd."
 Then peers grew proud in ¹ horsemanship t' excel,
 Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell;
 The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France, 145
 And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
 Then ² marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
 Lely on ³ animated canvas stole on;
 The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
 On ⁴ each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But ⁵ Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
 Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
 Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
 Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
 Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160

Cœpit, et in vitium fortuna labiet æquâ;
 Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit ¹ equorum
² Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
 Suspendit ³ picta vultum mentemque tabella;
 Nunc ⁴ tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis:

⁵ Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

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¹ Time was a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
 Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his wife to church, his son to school.
 To ² worship like his fathers was his care; 165
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
 To prove that luxury could never hold;
 And place on good ³ security his gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one ⁴ poetic itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170
 Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays,
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
 To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
 And all our grace at table is a song.
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, ⁵ lie, 175
 Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;

Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

¹ Romæ dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
 Scriptos ² nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
³ Majores audire, minore dicere, per quæ
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, ⁴ et calet uno
 Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
 Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
 Invenior ⁵ Parthis mendacior; et prius orto

When sick of muse our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our wit. 180

¹ He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
 Ward try'd on puppies and the poor his drop;
 Ev'n ² Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile? 185
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile:)
 But ³ those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, ⁴ reflect, the mischief is not great;
 These madmen never hurt the church or state: 190
 Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
 And rarely ⁵ a vice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his ⁶ plaything of a pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

Sole vigil, calamus et chartas et serinia posco.

¹ Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum agro
 Non audet, nisi quid didicit, dare: quod medicorum est,
 Promittunt ² medici: tractant fabrilis fabri:

³ Scribimus in docti doctique poemata passim.

⁴ Hic error tamen et levis hæc infania, quantas
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis ⁵ avarus
 Non temere est animus: ⁶ versus amat; hoc studet
 unum;

1 Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind; 195
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind;
 To 2 cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect hermit in his 3 diet. 200

Of little use the man you may suppose;
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;
 Yet let me show a poet's of some weight;
 And (4 though no foldier) useful to the state.
 5 What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210
 Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd or unbelieving Court.
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some courtly stains) 215
 No whiter page than Addison remains.

Detrimēta, 1 fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
 Non 2 fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
 Pupillo; vivit siliquis, et pane secundo 3;
 4 Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;
 Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
 5 Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

He,¹ from the taste obscene reclaims our youth;
 And sets the passions on the side of truth;
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art;
 And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
 And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
 "The rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to² relieve the idiot and the poor;
 Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
 And³ stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms; 230
 The⁴ boys and girls whom charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains;
 How could Devotion⁵ touch the country pews,
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?

Torquet¹ ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
 Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
 Asperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;
 Recte facta refret; ² orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis; ³ inopem solatur et ægrum.
 Castis cum ⁴ pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde ⁵ preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
 Poscit opem chorus, et presentia numina sentit;
 Cœlestes implorat aquas, docta præce blandus;

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 Florib
 Fescen
⁴ Ver

Verse cheers their lessure, verse assists their work; 235
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down¹ Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
 And ² heav'n is won by violence of song. 240
 Our ³ rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants, share, 245
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And ⁴ taunts alternate innocently flew. 250

Avertit morbos, ¹ metuenda pericula pellit;
 Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.

² Carmine Dæ superi placantur, carmine manes.

³ Agricola præci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino genium memorem brevis ævi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem

⁴ Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;

But times corrupt, and ¹ nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome ² dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to ³ Flatt'ry's side; but some more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

⁴We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
 Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and ⁵ numbers learn'd to flow.

Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lusit amabiliter: ¹ donec jam sævus apertam
 In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
 Dente laceßiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi: ² quin etiam lex
 Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad ³ bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

⁴ Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
 Defluxit ⁵ numerus Saturnios, et grave viras

Epig

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Crediti

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine;
 Though still some traces of our ¹ rustic vein, 270
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd nation ² breath'd from Civil war.
 Exact ³ Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
 Not but the ⁴ tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And ⁵ fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
 Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
 The ⁶ humble Muse of Comedy require.

Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
 Manserunt, hodieque manent, ¹ vestigia ruris.
 Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
 Et post ² Punica bella quietus quærere cœpit.
 Quod ³ Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:
 Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:
 Nam ⁴ spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:
 Sed ⁵ turpem putat inscite metnuitque lituram.
 Creditur, ex ⁶ medio quia res arcessit, habere

But in known images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285
¹ Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed;
 Tell me if ² Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
 What pert low dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
 The stage how ³ loosely does Astrea tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky ⁴ eat with vast applause!
 But fill their ⁵ purse, our poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

O you! whom ⁶ Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

Sudoris minimum; sed habet comœdia tanto
 Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. ¹ aspice, Plautus
 Quo pacto ² partes tutetur amantis ephēbi,
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
 Quantus sit Dorfenus ³ edacibus in parasitis;
 Quam ⁴ non astricto percurrat pulpita socco.
 Gestit ⁵ enim nummum in loculos dimittere; post hoc
 Securus cadat, an recto stet fabula ratis.

Quem tulit ad scenam ⁶ rentoso gloria curru,

¹ Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

² There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the Pit: 305

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,

Who, ³ to disturb their betters mighty proud,

Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,

Call for the farce, ⁴ the Bear, or the Black-joke.

What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310

Ever the taste of mobs, but now ⁵ of lords;

(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies

From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)

The play stands still; damn action and discourse,

Back fly the scenes, and enter foot ⁶ and horse; 315

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat;

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum

Subruit aut reficit: ¹ valeat res ludicra, si me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

² Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;

Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,

Indocti, stolidique, et ³ depugnare parati

Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

Aut ⁴ ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.

Verum ⁵ equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas

Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures aula premuntur in horas;

Dum fugiunt ⁶ equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold and lawn;
 'The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With ¹ laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
 Let bear or ² elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!
 Ah luckless ³ Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its ⁴ throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
 Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' ⁵ stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;

Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis.
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
¹ Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive ² elephus albus vulgi converteret ora.
 Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura :
 Scriptores autem ³ narrare putaret asello
 Fabellam surdo. nam quæ ⁴ pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra ?
⁵ Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum.
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,

Epist.

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Irrita

Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330

At *Quin's* high plume, or *Oldfield's* ¹ petticoat;

Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,

Sinks the ² lost actor in the tawdry load.

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!

"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335

"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?"

³ *Cato's* long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,

Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,

Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340

To know the poet from the man of rhymes:

'Tis he ⁴ who gives my breast a thousand pains,

Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;

Inrage, compose, with more than magic art,

With pity and with terror tear my heart; 345

And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,

To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

¹ *Divitiæque peregrinæ*: quibus ² oblitus actor

Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera levæ.

Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?

³ *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusam,

Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur.

Ire poeta; ⁴ meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

¹ But not this part of the poetic state,
 Alone, deserves the favour of the great :
 Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely 350
 More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring !
 How shall we fill ² a library with wit,
 When Merlin's cave is half unfinish'd yet ? 355

My Lidge ! why writers little claim your thought
 I guess, and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
 We ³ poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind the creatures most absurd :
 The ⁴ season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men.
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
 A ⁵ single verse we quarrel with a friend ; 365

Ut magus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
¹ Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
 Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
 Curam impende brevem : si ² munus Apolline dignum
 Vis complere libri ; et vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

³ Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
 (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
⁴ Sollicito damus, aut fesso ; cum lædimur, & unum

Epist

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⁶ G

Repeat¹ unask'd; lament the² wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write epistles to the King;
 And³ from the moment we oblige the Town, 370
 Expect a place, or pension, from the Crown;
 Or dubb'd Historians, by express command,
 T'enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet⁴ think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown)
 Ah think, what poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some minister of grace,
 Fit to bestow the⁵ Laureat's weighty place.

⁶ Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum :
 Cum loca jam¹ recitata revolvimus irrevocati :
 Cum² lamentamur non apparere labores
 Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo;
 Cum³ speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
 Arceffas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
 Sed tamen est⁴ operæ pretium cognoscere, quales
 Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique
 Virtus, ⁵ indigno non committenda poetæ.

⁶ Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille

And great ¹ Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit;
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a ² Russian bear."

Not with such ³ majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The forms august of king, or conqu'ring chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.

Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se præter Appellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
 Fortis ¹ Alexandri vultum simulantia. quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;
² Bœotum in crasso jurares æra natum.

[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
 Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ;]

Nec magis expressi ³ vultus per aenea signa,

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Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your ¹ arms, your actions, your repose to ſing! 395
 What ² ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!
 How ³ barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
 And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep 400
⁴ Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And ⁵ Aſia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But ⁶ verſe, alas! your majeſty diſdains;
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric ſtrains: 405
 The zeal of ⁷ fools offends at any time,
 But moſt of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.

Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent. nec ſermoneſ ego malle
 Repentes per humum, ¹ quam res componere geſtas,
 Terrarumque ² ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces
 Montibus impoſitas, et ³ barb'ra regna, tuiſque
 Auspiciis totum ⁴ conſecta duella per orbem,
 Clauſtraque cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
 Et ⁵ formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
 Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque par-
⁶ Carmen majeſtas recipit tua; nec meus audent
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre reuſent.
 Sedulitas autem ⁷ ſtulte, quem diligit, urget;
 Præcipue cum ſe numeris commendat et arte.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say ¹ I bite.
 A vile ² encomium doubly ridicules; 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a ³ woeful likeness; and if lies,
 "Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise."
 Well may he ⁴ blush who gives it, or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
 (Like ⁵ journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or, flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis ¹ deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
 Nil moror ² officium, quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
 In ³ pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
 Ne ⁴ rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
 Cum ⁵ scriptore meo capsâ porrectus aperta,
 Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
 Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

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HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. II.

IMITATED.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse, take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois:

"Observe his shape, how clean! his locks how curl'd!

"My only son, I'd have him see the world: 6

"His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.

"Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a-year.

"Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

"Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please:

"A perfect genius at an op'ra song— 11

"To say too much might do my honour wrong.

HOR. LIB. II. EPIST. II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amici Neroni,

Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et

"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;

"Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;

"Litterulis Grecis imbutus, idoneus arti

"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

" Take him, with all his virtues, on my word;
 " His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
 " But, Sir, to you with what would I not part? 15
 " Tho', faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's heart.
 " Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 " And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
 " The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 " (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20
 ¹ If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away, 25
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.
 ² Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went I could not write;

" Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
 " Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo
 " Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 " Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære.
 " Nemo hoc manganum faceret tibi: non temere a me
 " Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)
 " In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
 " Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædit."
 ¹ Ille ferat pretium, pœne securus, opinor.
 Prudens emisisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.
 Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
 ² Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi

Epist.

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Præsid

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Clarus

You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

1 In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night 35
 He slept, (poor dog!) and lost it to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castlewall, 40
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
 "Prodigious well!" his great commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

*Talibus officiis prope mancum : ne mea sævus
 Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
 Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
 Si tamen attentas? quæreris super hoc etiam, quod
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.*

1 Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
 Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
 Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
 Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
 Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
 Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and it's no great matter) 45
 "Go on, my friend," he cry'd, "see yonder walls!
 "Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls!
 "More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 "D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot? 50
 "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

¹ Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
 Besides, my father taught me from a lad
 The better art, to know the good from bad: 55
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.
 Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere prætor
 Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
 Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid stas?
 Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
 "Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit.

¹ Romæ nutrirî mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
 Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
 Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
 Atque inter silvas academi quærere verum.

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But knottier points we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
 And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
 For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65
 And me the Muses help to undergo it,
 Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble rather than repose.

¹ Years foll'wing years steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;

*Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
 Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
 Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
 Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
 Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,
 Quæ poterunt unquam fatis expurgare cicutæ,
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?*

¹ Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;
 Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend : 75
 'This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
 What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

¹ But, after all, what would you have me do? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two?
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg : 85
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

² But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme; can London be the place?

'Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

¹ Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
 Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
 Ille Bionis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
 Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
 Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
 Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

² Præter cætera me Romanâ poemata censes
 Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
 Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

Epis

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Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and friends?
 My counsel sends to execute a deed:
 A poet begs me I will hear him read:
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95
 Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
 There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—
 "Oh, but a wit can study in the streets,
 "And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite so well, however, as one ought; 100
 A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass? 105
 And peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own f-r-v--nce in a car?

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
 Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.
 Intervalla vides humane commoda. "Verum
 "Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstat."
 Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:
 Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
 Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
 Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus,

1 Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son:
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's-court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? 114
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

2 The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives sev'n years complete,
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks an object new beneath the sun! 119
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air! }
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors,

1 I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.
 Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,
 Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.
 Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
 Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?

2 Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
 Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
 Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit
 Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
 Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

Shall I in London act this idle part, 125
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

¹ The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents these congenial souls,¹
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

"'Twas Sir, your law" — and "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Your's Cowper's manner — and your's Talbot's

² Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, [sense."
Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit. 136
Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.

Lord! how we strut through Merlin's cave, to see
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me. 140

Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?

¹ Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor atque poetas?

² Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile visu,
Cælatumque novem Mæsis opus. aspice primum,
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus vacuum Romanis vatibus ædem.
Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et procul audi,
Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
 "My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
 "Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
 "Or, I'm content allow me Dryden's strains, 145
 "And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 'To court applause by printing what I write: 150
 But let the fit pass o'er; I'm wise enough
 'To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

¹ In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais'd within is happy all day long:

Cædimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
 Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello,
 Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
 Quia, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus;
 Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
 Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
 Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:
 Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,
 Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

¹ Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
 Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,

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But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care; 160
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place;
Nay, though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and, sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears; 165
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170

*Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:
Audebit, quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ:
Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas:
Adfiscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus:
Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,*

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line: 175
 Then polish all with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
 "But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
 "As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
 ' If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
 Better (I say) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord; 185
 Who, though the House was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:

Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua;
 Luxuriantia comescet: nimis aspera fano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
 Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur, ut qui
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
 ' Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersquæ videri,
 Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,
 In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;

Epist.

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In all but this a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
 Not quite a madman though a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
 Whereat the gentleman began to stare— [cur'd:
 My friends! he cry'd, P-x take you for your care!
 That from a patriot of distinguish'd note, 196
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

¹ Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
 Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
 There is a time when poets will grow dull: 200
 I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
 To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
 I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,

Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
 More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ;
 Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco;
 Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
 Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

¹ Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
 Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul. 205

¹ Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot:
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask these sober questions of my heart.

² If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have
The more you want, why not, with equal ease,
Confess as well your folly as disease? 215
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."

³ When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,

¹ *Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.
Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacitusque recôrdor:*

² *Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâsti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?*

³ *Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui*

Look in that breast, most dirty D——! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

¹ If there be truth in law, and use can give 230
 A property, that's your's on which you live,
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
 All ² Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
 His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235

Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam
 Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
 Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem?

At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
 Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
 Viveret in terris te siquis avarior uno.

¹ Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et ære est,
 Quædam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:
 Qui te pascit aget, tuus est; et villicus orbî,
 Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
 Te dominum sentit.

² das nummos; accipis uvam,
 Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo isto

He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
 Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

¹ Heathcote himself, and such large-aered men, 240
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
 Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,
 Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
 Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r,
² Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
 Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum.
 Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?

¹ Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
 Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
 Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adfita certis
 Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
² Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema,
 Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Epist.

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Man? and for ever? wretch! what wou'dst thou have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

All vast possessions, (just the same the case

Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase) 255

Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?

Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;

Let rising granaries and temples here,

There mingled farms and pyramids appear,

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260

Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!

Inexorable Death shall level all,

And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

¹ Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,

Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265

There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

² Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find

Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, at hæres

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:

Quid vici profunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

¹ Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,

Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

² Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
 The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
 Why one, like Bu——, with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on in Court and Parliament; 275
 One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethrope, from pole to pole:
 Is known alone to that directing Pow'r
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
 That God of nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual; his great end the same.

¹ Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place:

Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
 Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
 Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
 Scit genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
 Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

¹ Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
 Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet hæres,
 Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem

Epist.

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But sure no statute in his favour says
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I who at sometimes spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care:
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another not to heed to treasure more:
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd if sordid want be far away.

What is't to me (a passenger, God wot)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer, ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
Pauperies immunda procul procul absit: ego, utrum
Navè ferar magna an parva; ferar unus et idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilonè secundo:
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

“ But why all this of avarice? I have none.”

I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone; 305
 But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r?
 Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
 With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315
 Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
 Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
 Or will you think, my friend, your business done, 320
 When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam simul isto
 Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
 Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
 Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
 Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides?
 Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
 Lenior et melior fit accedente senecta?
 Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
 Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
 Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage: 325
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
 Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
 Lulisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
 Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo
 Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?

Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!

I am not now, alas! the man

As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.

Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms,

Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.

Mother too fierce of dear desires!

Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.

To number Five direct your doves,

There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu

Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ

Sub regno Cynaræ. desine, dulcium

Mater sæva Cupidinum,

Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus

Jam durum imperiis: abi

Quo blandæ juventum te revocant preces.

Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
 Equal the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit:
 Then shall thy form the marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
 His house, embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:

Tempestivus in domum
 Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
 Commissabere Maximi;
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium,
 Late signa feret militiæ tuæ.
 Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
 Albanos prope te lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea,

Thither the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling Loves and young Desires;
 There ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song:
 There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire:
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
 But why? ah! tell me, ah! too dear!
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia;

Delectabere tibia

Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.

Illic bis pueri die

Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum

Laudantes, pede candido

In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

Me nec femina, nec puer

Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui;

Nec certare juvat mero,

Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,

Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?

Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,

Absent I follow through th' extended dream;

Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,

And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;

And swiftly shoot along the Mall,

Or softly glide by the canal;

Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,

And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur

Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Cur facunda parum decoro

Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

Nocturnis te ego somniis

Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor

Te per gramina Martii

Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die

Which sounds the silver Thames along,

Taught on the wings of Truth to fly

Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,

In Spenser native muses play;

Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,

Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth

Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd :

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE IX.

NE forte credas interitura, quæ

Longe sonantem natus ad Ausidum

Non ante vulgatas per artes

Verba loquor focianda chordis;

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet

Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent

Cæque, et Alcæi minaces

Stesichorique graves Camenæ :

Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,

Delevit ætas : spirat adhuc amor,

Vivuntque commissi calores

Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Those rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And these new heav'ns and systems fram'd.
Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

[Written in the year 1708.]

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain 5
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet found,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow, 10
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies. 15
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
'Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away, 20
In a dying, dying fall.
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II.

By Music minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25

Or when the soul is press'd with cares,

Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds;

Pours balm into the bleeding lovers' wounds;

Melancholy lifts her head, 30

Morpheus rouses from his bed,

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,

Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;

Intestine war no more our passions wage,

And giddy factions hear away their rage. 35

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,

How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,

High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees 40

Descend from Pelion to the main:

Transported demi-gods stood round,

And men grew heroes at the sound,

Enflam'd with Glory's charms:

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45

And half unsheath'd the shining blade:

And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,

To arms, to arms, to arms!

Volume III.

P

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds, 50
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts! 55

Dreadful gleams,

Difmal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans, 60

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;

And fee! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance! 65

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!

The furies sink upon their iron beds

And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 71

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;

By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel, 75
 Or amaranthine bowers;
 By the heroes' armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove, 80
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer;
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85
 And gave him back the fair:
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Tho' Fate had fast bound her 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.
 VI
 But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the Fatal Sisters move? 95
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders, 100

All alone, unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost! 105
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; 110
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah see, he dies!
 Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
 Eurydice the woods, 115
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.
 VII.
 Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm;
 Music can soften pain to ease, 120
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 'This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear;
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.
 Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.
 Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.

174 ODE. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie,

O D E.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL,

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

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THE
SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes

Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit

Vericulos: natura magis faustos, et cunctos

Mollius?

Hor.

SATIRE II.

YEs, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors; 5
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town; yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
 It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:
 Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
 But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
 Yet like the Papist's is the poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
 The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
 So prompts and saves a rogue who cannot read.
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow;
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As, I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
 Though, like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As in some organs, puppets dance above,
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in Nature's, spite the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat:
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, pass'd thro' him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's
Charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true;

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs, 35
 Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
 Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
 Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
 Wicked as pages, who in early years
 Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
 In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
 Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence :
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,

For if one eat my meat, though it be known
 The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
 to out-usure Jews,
 T'out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
 As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
 In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
 And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)

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And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain;
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury-lane.

Hath made a lawyer; which, (alas) of late,
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-benefic'd ministers, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wherefoe'er he goes
His title of barrister on ev'ry wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *

Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:
More, more than ten Selavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbyes roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possess'd with muse
Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse

'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
 What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
 And what a solemn face if he denies!
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there, 70
 His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
 For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to ev'ry lord in ev'ry thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80

Law practice for meer gain; bold foul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
 Idly, like pris'ners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lie in ev'ry thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farred

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Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Janfen punts at White's,
Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
Piece-meal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;

Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in the king's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in church-men's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piece-meal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.

'Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indenture, cov'nants, articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 'Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 'The deeds, and dext'rously omits *ses heires*: 100
 No commentator can more slyly pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
 Those words that would against them clear the doubt.
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r the Power and Glory clause.

In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profess'd, he did desire
 Short Pater-nosters, saying as a fryar
 Each day his beads; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r the Power and Glory clause.)

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The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
 We see no new-built palaces aspire, III
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of poor that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?
 Well, I could wish that still, in lordly domes, III
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;
 And all mankind might that just mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
 These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, I25
 But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:

But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
 As slyly as any commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or, in divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out [doubt.
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 Where are these spread woods which cloath'd here-
 tofore.

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
 Where the old landlord's troops, and almes? In halls
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Baechanals,
 Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
 Thus much I've said, I trust without offence; 125
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason, or the law.

None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes' jaws.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, I may now receive, and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.

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I've had my Purgatory here betimes, 5
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
 The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
 With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd; 10
 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
 Yet went to court!—the devil would have it so.
 But as the fool, that in reforming days 15
 Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
 Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
 Poison'd with love to see or to be seen;
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
 To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred markes, which is the statute's curse,
 Before he 'scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 Full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt;

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at Court, for going once that way! }
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
 Where all the race of reptiles might embark :
 A verier monster than on Afric's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying travellers can feign. 31
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropt out of the moon.
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35

As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the fun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came :
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :
 Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
 Than Afric monsters, Guianae's rarities,
 Stranger than strangers; one who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
 When next the prentices 'gainst strangers rise;

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And the wise justice starting from his chair,
Cry, By your priesthood, tell me what you are?

Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
But mere tufftaffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.

One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One to whom the examining justice sure would cry,
Sir, By your priesthood, tell me what you are?

His cloathes were strange, though coarse, and black,
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been [tho' bare.
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all. [tongues;

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
And only knoweth what to all states belongs,
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,

Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too,
 The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonsen's lungs,
 The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar: 55
 These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil:
 A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Makes Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out; I whisper, gracious God!
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod?

Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
 But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
 Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement;
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,

Sat. I.

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That all the shot of Dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if ———'s your name.
 What speech esteem you most? "The King's," said I.
 But the best words?—"O, Sir, the Dictionary."
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute 70
 And perfect speaker?—"Onslow, past dispute."
 But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for closer style,
 "But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
 Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.

This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best linguist? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepines' dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two rev'rend men
 Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay, your Apostles were
 Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass.

Thus others talents having nicely shown, 80
 He came by sure transition to his own:
 Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
 Pity! you was not druggerman at Babel;
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no question but the Tow'r had stood. 85
 "Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made;
 "Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
 "Spirits like you should see and should be seen;
 "The King would smile on you—at least the Queen."
 Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajol us— 90
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:
 And as for courts, forgive me if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
 Though in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made; 95

By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been interpreter
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
 My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;

Sat.

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And though the Court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd latestring, and replies;
" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100

" To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"

Then happy man who shows the tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family;

He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,

Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105

And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,

What few can of the living, ease and bread.

" Lord, Sir, a meer mechanic! strangely low,

" And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.

No more can princes' courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht lute-string squeaks, O Sir,

"Tis sweet to talk of kings. At Westminster,

Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,

And for his price, doth with whoever comes

Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,

From king to king, and all their kin can walk:

Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet

Kings only: the way to it is Kings-street.

He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique, coarse,

So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

"How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. III

"Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,

"Your only wearing is your Padua-foy."

Not, Sir, my only, I have better still;

And this you see is but my dishabille— II5

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,

And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;

So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120

You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile

At all my peevishness, and turns his style.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? mine, as you see,

I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.

Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,

Your only wearing is your grogram.

Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch

He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as itch

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground

Into an edge, hurts worse; so I (fool) found

Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,

He to another key his style doth dress;

And asks what news; I tell him of new plays?

He takes my hand, and as a still, which stays

He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125
He hears, and, as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Meer household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollinsheads, or Halls, or Stows. 131
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
A subtle minister may make of that: [what
Who sins with whom; who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug: 135
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop or a whore:
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:

A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash: he knows, he knows
When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hasts to an office's reversion;
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
Who loveth whores

Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor :
 Who makes a trust of charity a job,
 And gets an act of parliament to rob :
 Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
 Can gratis see the country or the town : 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places fells for life,
 What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart. 155

He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport;

shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some courtier; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me, I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,

Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat:
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
In fure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165
Not more amazement feis'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,

Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat
Ready to travail; so I sigh and sweat
To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He, like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers,

Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wife
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie
 Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 'Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his prince's ear.

I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope his jaw;
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found,
 'That as burnt venomous leachers do grow found
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and be free: therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine and my forefathers' sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing,

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I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see 180
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.

And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me: 195.
 Shall I, the terror of this sinful Town,
 Care if a liv'ry'd lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?
 Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier fort
 Than such as swell this bladder of a Court? 205

Of suitors at Court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It self o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at Court, and worse and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns; and, my mistress Truth! betray thee
 For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility?
 No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I

Now pox on those who shew a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room; 215
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Tast have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a-clock and past; all whom the mves,
Baloun, or tennis, dist, or the stews.
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in stocks are found
In the presence, and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cry the flatterers; and bring

"That's velvet for a king!" the flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
 For these are actors too as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
 Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him:

Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well
 At stage as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with cutchanel)
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well
 Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, men's wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.

"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And, "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some qucer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime a hole; 245

He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Maerine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a mosque? and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.

Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes, 250
 With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
 Prodigious! how the things protest, protest: 255
 Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papiſts ſeize you,
 If once he catch you at your Jeſu! Jeſu!

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
 Juſt as one beauty mortifies another.

So in immaculate clothes, and ſymmetry
 Perfect as circles, with ſuch nicety
 As a young preacher at his firſt time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
 And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
 So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
 Ten cardinals into the Inquiſition;
 And whiſpers by Jeſu ſo oft, that a
 Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
 For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.

Sat. I.

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But here's the captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath. 261
 The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Though his foul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door; 265
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from jails to execution go;

But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth.
 Call a rough carelessness good fashion:
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him; he rushes in, as if arm, arm,
 He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaols to execution go,

For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all: 275
 Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine :
 Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine !
 From such alone the great rebukes endure,
 Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure :
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears. 285
 Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
 In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins ?) being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing-cross for a bar ; men that do know
 No token of worth but Queen's man, and fine
 Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
 To wash the stains away : although I yet
 (With Maccabees' modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

[Written in the year 1738.]

DIALOGUE I.

F. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ;
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel— 5
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter." 10
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes he lash'd no sort of vice;
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do bus'ness, H-ggins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex, 15
In rev'rend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who crept our ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile: 20
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.

Volume III.

S

But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be fore;
 Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought 25
 The great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
 And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r; 30
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
 'The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
 A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig,
 Who never chang'd his principle or wig: 40
 A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage;
 These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
 And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man so near?" 45
 "His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
 Why, answer, Lyttleton, and I'll engage
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage.
 But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50

Sejanus, Wolfey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more. 56
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue, balance all agen. 60
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth :
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth !
Come, harmless characters that no one hit ; 65
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit !
The honey dropping from Favonia's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng !
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense, 70
The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
All boys may read, and girls may understand !
Then might I sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense ;

Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
 And let, a God's name, ev'ry fool and knave 85
 Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
 For merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave Do—re.
 Silent and soft, as faints remove to heav'n,
 All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a king!
 'There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nephenthe of a court;
 'There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:
 But past the sense of human miseries, 100
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job. [glory,

P. Good Heav'n forbid that I should blast their
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory, 106

And when three sov'reigns dy'd could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings? 110
And at a peer, or peerefs, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke, 115
Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will? 120
Is it for Bond, or Peter (paultry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life, 125
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot; must not bear;
Vice, thus abus'd, demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin. 130
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Out-do Landasse in doctrine,—yea in life:

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
 Virtue may chuse the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to Virtue and to me;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same belev'd, contented thing. 140
 Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
 But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
 Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess, 145
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,
 And her's the gospel is, and her's the laws;
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
 Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold, 155
 Before her dance: behind her crawl the old!
 See thronging millions to the paged run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
 Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
 That not to be corrupted is the shame. 160
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
 'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!

See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
 See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
 "Nothing is sacred now but villany." 170

Yet may this verse, (if such a verse remain,)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton, Sir, will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow, 'faith, it
 And for that very cause I print to-day.
 How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
 In rev'rence to the sins of Thirty-nine?
 Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain;
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
 Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash,
 Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
 Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
 Spread thy broad wing, and founce on all the kind.

Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!

Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!

Ye rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starv'd a sister, who foreswore a debt, 20

I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.

The pois'ning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!

The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what; 26

Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?

Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,

Like royal harts, be never more run-down?

Admit your law to spare the knight requires, 30

As beasts of Nature may we hunt the squires?

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—

To save a bishop may I name a dean?

F. A dean, Sir? no: his fortune is not made,

You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,

Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;

Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40

Go drench a pick-pocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)

The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:

Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
 The poor and friendless villain, than the great? 45
 Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
 Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
 Still better, ministers; or, if the thing
 May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, not rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
 Who now that obsolete example fears?
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
 You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?
 God knows I praise a courtier where I can.
 When I confess there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name? 65
 Pleas'd let me own, in Escher's peaceful grove
 (Where Kent and Nature vye for Pelham's love)
 The scene, the master, opening to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert; 70
 Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
 Manners with candour are to Benfon giv'n,
 To Berkley ev'ry virtue under heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy man remove?
 That instant, I declare, he has my love: 75
 I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
 Thus Sommers once and Hallifax, were mine.
 Oft in the clear still mirror of retreat,
 I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
 Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame, 80
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same:
 How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
 How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!
 How can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit? 85
 Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field:
 Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions, and his own.
 Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
 Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their
 And if yet higher the proud list should end, [train;
 Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.

Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
 I follow Virtue; where she shines I praise: 95
 Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

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I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Rofs, or my Lord May'r.
Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave: 101
To find an honest man I beat about;
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse. 105
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend? 115
What Richieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;
No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato Virgil pay'd one honest line; 120
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no
I think your friends are out, and would be in. [sin,
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.

Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave, 130

And Lyttleton a dark designing knave,

St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—

But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,

Has never made a friend in private life,

And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,

Oh all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,

When Paxton gives him double pots and pay, 141

Or each new-pension'd sycophant pretend

To break my windows if I treat a friend;

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,

But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?

Sure if I spare the minister, no rules 146

Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;

Sure if they cannot cut, it may be said

His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day, 150

To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:

But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,

Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;

3

The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest;
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest;
Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's th' affront to
Against your Worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
[In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin,
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown,
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, through Nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the House.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
 Quite turns my stomach—P. So does flattery mine;
 And all your courtly civet cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is extrement.
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be your's.
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence, 201
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
 Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.
 P. So proud, I am no slave: 205
 So impudent, I own myself no knave:
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God afraid of me:
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
 O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
 To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
 Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal;
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
 And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
 Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
 All that makes faints of queens and gods of kings;
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
 Like the last gazette, or the last address.

When black Ambition stains a public cause,
 A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
 Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's
 Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die, [shrine,
 And opes the temple of Eternity.

235

There other trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
 Far other stars than * and ** wear,
 And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
 (Such as on Hough's unfully'd mitre shine,
 Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine.)
 Let Envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
 Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
 Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
 Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law.
 Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
 Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
 And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
 Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.
 F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more Essays on Man.

MISCELLANIES.

EPISTLE

To Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer.

SUCH were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science, bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flatt'ry to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:

A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
 'The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath, 25
 'The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
 'The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
 'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays, 35
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
 Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he. 40

EPISTLE

To James Craggs, Esq. Secretary of State.

A SOUL as full of worth as void of pride,
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
 Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
 A face untaught to feign; a judging eye, 5
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,
 And strikes a blush through frontless flattery. }

All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me: 15
 The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

E P I S T L E

To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Dryden's translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

THIS verse be thine, my Friend, nor thou refuse
 This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
 Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
 And from the canvas call the mimic face:
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
 Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10
 Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
 Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;

Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
 And each from each contract new strength and light.
 How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer-fans roll unperceiv'd away!
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art! 20
 How oft review; each finding, like a friend,
 Something to blame, and something to commend!

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancywrought,
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
 With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade: 30
 While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
 Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye,
 A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
 Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd gem, the * work of years!
 Yet still how faint by precept is express'd 41
 The living image in the painter's breast?

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his Poem.

Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow;
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead:
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh, lasting as those colours, may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.

Yet should the Graces all thy figures place;
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
 And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim
 Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE

To Mrs. Blount, with the works of Voiture.

In these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
 And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
 His easy art may happy nature seem,
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
 His heart his mistress and his friend did share,
 His time the Muse, the witty, and the fair.
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
 Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
 Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;

The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe:

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular;
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Tho' not too strictly bound to time and place;
Critics in wit, for life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to woman-kind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accurs'd;
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.

Ah, quit not the free innocence of life;
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
 Nor let false shews nor empty titles please;
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate;
 She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
 Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
 She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those age or sickness, soon or late, disarm;
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
 Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
 A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care still shoné the same,
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name;
 By this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast
 Amid those lovers joys his gentle ghost
 Pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,
 And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you:
 The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

EPISTLE

To the same, on her leaving the Town after the coronation.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the Town to wholesome country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd; but that she went.

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
 She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,
 To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea;

Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon;
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
 Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack;
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buff, and cries—No words!
 Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See coronations rise on ev'ry green;
 Before you pass th' imaginary sights 35
 Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
 While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with headachs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you;

Just when his fancy points your *sprightly eyes*,
 Or sees the blush of soft *Parthenia rise*,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
 Vex'd to be still in Town I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

E P I S T L E

*To Mr. John Moore, author of the celebrated worm-
 powder.*

How much, egregious Moore, are we
 Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All humankind are worms.
 Man is a very worm by birth,
 Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.
 That woman is a worm, we find
 E'er since our grandame's evil;
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 That ancient worm, the devil.
 The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
 The blockhead is a Slow-worm;
 The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
 Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies;
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a worm they take their life,
 And in a worm decay
 The flatterer an earwig grows;
 Thus worms suit all conditions;
 Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
 And death-watches physicians.
 That statesmen have the worm, is seen
 By all their winding play;
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.
 Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies!
 O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free;
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain;
 Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.
 Our fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn
 Who maggots were before.

To Mrs. M. B. on her birth-day.

Oh! be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:
 Not with those toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
 With added years, if life bring nothing new,
 But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing through,
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain some sad reflection more;
 Is that a birth-day? 'Tis, alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year,
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
 Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come.

To Mr. Thomas Southern, on his birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin but poetry,

This day Tom's fair account has run
 (Without a blot) to eighty-one;
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays 5
 A table, with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers;
 The feast, his tow'ring genius marks;
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden;
 And for his judgment, lo a podden!
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, although a hard, devout;
 May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise 15
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach. 20

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

CARDELIA.

THE Basset-table spread, the tallier come;
 Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?

Rise, pensive nymph, the tallier waits for you.

SMIL. Ah, Madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpeu. 5

I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air, [fair.
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning

CARD. Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains. 10
As you by love, so I by fortune, crost;
One, one bad deal three septlevas have lost.

SMIL. Is that the grief which you compare with
With ease the smiles of Fortune-I resign: [mine?
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone, 15
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARD. A lover-lost is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice lost: oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress? 20

SMIL. See Betty Lovet! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOV. Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARD. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought. 30

See, on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive,
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.
 Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
 Jove, Jove himself does on the scissars shine; 35
 The metal and the workmanship divine!

SMIL. This snuff-box,—once the pledge of Sharper's
 When rival beauties for the present strove; [love,
 At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
 Then first his passion was in public shown: 40
 Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
 This snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine,
 This snuff-box will I stake the prize is mine.

CARD. Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
 And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
 In complaisance I took the queen he gave;
 Though my own secret wish was for the knave. 50
 The knave won Sonica, which I had chose,
 And the next pull my septleva I lose.

SMIL. But, ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
 This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair, 55
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.

An awkward thing, when first she came to Town;
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown: 60
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
 I introduc'd her to the Park and plays;
 And by my int'rest, Cozens made her stays,
 Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert, 65
 She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

CARD. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
 When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more?
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
 And see the fool, which I cannot shun. 70

SMIL. How many maids have Sharper's vows de-
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd? [ceiv'd?
 Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
 Ah! what is warning to a maid in love. [form'd,

CARD. But of what marble must that breast be
 To gaze on Bassett, and remain unwarm'd, 76
 When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
 The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain; 80
 In bright confusion open Rouleaus lie,
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye?
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disclaim,
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon Bassett, you who reason boast, 85
 And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMIL. What more than marble must that heart
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows? [compose,
'Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes! no go
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves: *boastful*
He loves,—I whisper to myself, He loves *he is*
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears, *stagnant*
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears; *of*
My panting heart confesses all his charms, *95*
I yield at once, and sink into his arms *and*
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
For such a moment prudence well were lost *not but*

CARD. At the groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybonne bowl time away; *900*
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares *and*
To Basset's heav'nly joys and pleasing cares? *100*

SMIL. Soft Simplicetta doats upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show. *105*
Their several graces in my Sharper meet; *and*
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet. *110*

LOV. Cease your contention, which has been too
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong. *[long;*
Attend, and yield to what I now decide; *115*
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side: *120*
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree. *125*
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea. *130*

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
 Two travellers found an oyster in their way :
 Both fierce; both hungry, the dispute grew strong;
 While scale in hand Dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
 There take (says Justice), take ye each a shell.
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
 'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu.

Answer to the following question of Mrs. Howe.

WHAT is prudery?
 'Tis a beldam,
 Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
 'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows.
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
 Old, and void of all good nature;
 Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.

*Tis an ugly envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

Occasioned by some verses of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commands.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phoebus bends,
And I, and Malice from this hour are friends.

A Prologue by Mr. Pope, to a play for Mr. Dennis's benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little before his death.

As when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier but who club'd his mite?

Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
 Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Hums, 11
 Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
 A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce
 Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own! 16
 Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds dragons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there's a senior who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

MACER: a character.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First sought a poet's fortune in the Town,
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
 And with a borrow'd play out-did poor Crown.

There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little: 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd, 15
 Trudges to Town, and first turns chambermaid;
 Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean-degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her simplicity. 20
 In a translated suit then tries the Town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own:
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan;
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk, 25
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

Song, by a person of quality, written in the year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions;
 Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth :
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
 Fair Discretion, string the lyre ;
 Sooth my ever-waking slumbers :
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
 Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cyprus, verdant Willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander
 Swiftly purling in a round,

On thy margin lovers wander,

With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

WHI.

Thus when philomela drooping,

Softly seeks her silent mate,

See the bird of Juno stooping;

Melody relings to Fate.

On a certain Lady at Court.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;

(Envy be silent, and attend!)

I know a reasonable Woman,

Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,

Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly,

An equal mixture of good humour,

And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?"

Yes, she has one, I must aver:

When all the world conspires to praise her,

The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

*On his Grotto at Twickenham, composed of marbles, spars,
gems, ores, and minerals.*

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave

Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
 Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow, 5
 And latent metals innocently glow:
 Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach: but awful! lo! th' Ægerian Grot,
 Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought; 10
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
 And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor, [soul.
 Who dare to love their country and be poor.

*On receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady Frances Shirley
 a standish and two pens.*

Yes, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
 Descend in all her sober charms;
 "And take, (she said, and smil'd serene)
 "Take at this hand celestial arms:
 "Secure the radiant weapons wield;
 "This golden lance shall guard desert,
 "And if a vice dares keep the field,
 "This steel shall stab it to the heart."
 Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
 Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;
 And dipp'd them in the fable well,
 The fount of fame or infamy.

"What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)

"A standish, steel and golden pen!

"It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;

"I gave it you to write again!

"But, friend, take heed whom you attack;

"You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)

"Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,

"I——and all about your ears.

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,

"And run, on ivory, so glib,

"As not to stick at fool or ass,

"Nor stop at flattery or fib.

"Athenian Queen! and sober charms!

"I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't;

"'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;

"In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

"Come, if you'll be a quiet fool,

"That dares tell neither truth nor lies,

"I'll lift you in the harmless roll

"Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

EPI TAPH S.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!

Virg.

I. On Charles Earl of Dorset, in the church of Withyarn in Suffex.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest Satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest Countier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Blest Peer! his great forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

II. *On Sir William Trumball, one of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716.*

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt, only son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.*

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own.

IV. On James Craggs, Esq. in Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGICE BRITANNIE A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIIS SANCTIONIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARTIS AC POPULI AMOR ET DELECTIO:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, BEU PAUCOS, LXIV.
OB. FEB. XIV. MDCCCLXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear.
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V. Intended for Mr. Rowe, in Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

VI. *On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a cancer in her breast.*

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
 No conquest she, but o'er herself desir'd,
 No arts essay'd; but not to be admin'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
 The faint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

VII. *On the manument of the Hon. Robert Digby, and of his sister Mary; erected by their father the Lord Digby, in the church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.*

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great:
 Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:

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Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
 Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more!
 Go then, where only bless sincere is known!
 Go where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys forgive our grief:
 These little rites, a stone, a verse receive;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

VIII. *On Sir Godfrey Kneller, in Westminster-Abbey, 1723.*

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
 Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures it thought;
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IX. *On General Henry Withers, in Westminster-Abbey,*
1729.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X. *On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.*

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
A poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI. *On Mr. Gay, in Westminster-Abbey, 1732.*

Or manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit a man; simplicity a child:
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

XII. *Intended for Sir Isaac Newton, in Westminster-Abbey.*

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:

Mortalem

Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
 God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

XIII. *On Dr. Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, who died in exile at Paris, 1732.*

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHR.

Yes, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—Save my country, Heav'n,

—He said, and dy'd.

XIV. *On Edmund Duke of Buckingham, who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735.*

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!

The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
 The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
 Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
 Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham :
 In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
 Ends in the milder merit of the heart ;
 And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heav'n.

XV. *For one who would not be buried in Westminster-
 Abbey.*

HEROES and kings! your distance keep;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you ;
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too,

XVI. *Another on the same.*

UNDER this marble, or under this fill,
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will,
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within ;
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

The living virtue now has those appears'd,
The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;
The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;
The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;

The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;
The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;
The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;

The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;
The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;

The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;
The noblest being him, and the country his;
In his honours, and his holy name,
The shade of gentle Lady's name;



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